

Blut↑Kampf

Anthems for the Aryan Blood Struggle



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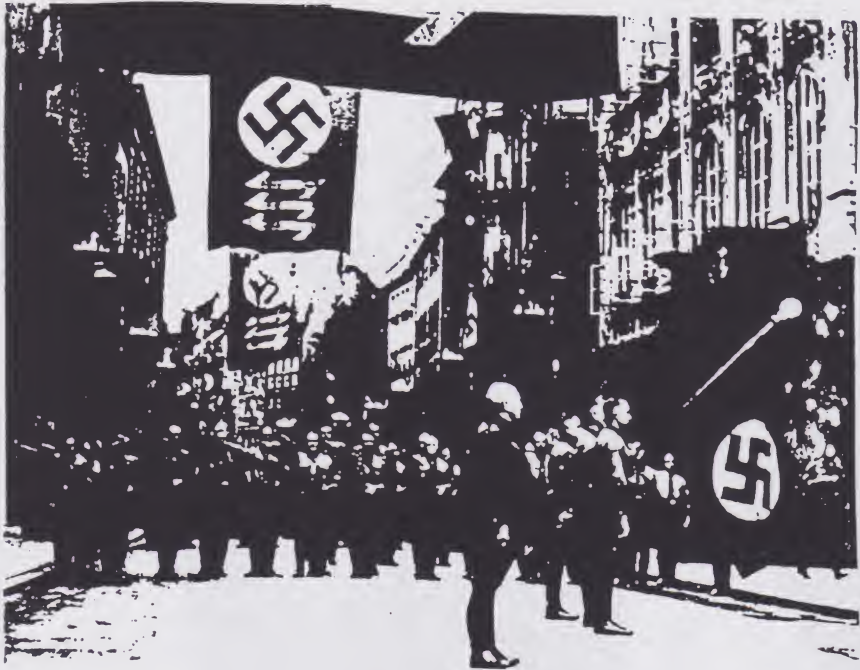


The philosophy of Blut Kampf is one of Total Audio Warfare. Our goal is music as war, not merely making music of war but using sound as a weapon itself. Our music and lyrics are a manifestation of our beliefs, and its primary focus is to motivate our people to action. Blut Kampf strive for a complete lack of compromise in our lyrical and musical output. Blut Kampf combine dark industrial noise with extremist lyrics based on National Socialist and Racial philosophy. The sole goal of Blut Kampf is to awaken our people to the Eternal Blood Struggle of the Aryan Race and the nameless war being waged against Aryan Civilization by the Enemy. Blut Kampf strive for the advancement of the strong and pure and the extermination of the weak and those who are but leaches on the life blood of our people.

For further information on Blut Kampf or the racial struggle please contact:

Total War PO Box 792 Spokane, WA 99210

Blood Struggle



The Blood Struggle is eternal. The Blood Struggle is not a choice. The Blood Struggle began with the first seeds of Western Civilization and it will only die when our people perish from this earth and the western flame is extinguished. It is the collective history of western man. The books, art, philosophy, religion and culture of western man are all manifestations of the eternal Blood Struggle for advancement and for survival.

A parasite has infected the soul of western man. A parasite which leaves only concrete ruins were once stood vibrant green earth. A parasite which sucks on the blood and the soil of our people. Man has become infected with a disease, a disease of weakness. Western man is not infected with mere physical weakness, but a weakness far more destructive to civilization. A weakness of the soul. Western man was once strong, valiant and honorable. Our people no longer have the will to survive. Only a dark void were was once a soul of steel.

Often I gaze at this degenerate mass of civilization and wonder how we could have gotten this far. We who were once proud, honorable, and racially conscious. One idea more than any other has contributed to the current state of our world. A doctrine so out of touch with the laws of nature it is capable of bringing about an end to western civilization. This doctrine is Christianity. Nature's highest law is the survival of the fittest. In nature if an animal is weak or unfit it perishes, either through predation or starvation the weak die off leaving only the strong and the healthy. Nature strives for the survival of the strongest and the death of the weak. It preaches the good of the pack, the survival of the fittest and that might makes right. Through the ages Christianity has preached the opposite. That those who nature would have starve to death in their own excrement, or torn limb from limb by the claws of a predator, or trampled under the hooves of the strong be helped in their quest for survival so they are left sucking as a leach on the blood of the fit. Through the ages Christianity has preached extending a helping hand to the unfit, while natural law dictates we extend a closed fist to smash the weak out of existence.

The goal of our struggle is victory. We do not believe in engaging in useless diversions which distract us from our farsighted goals. Victory will not be won by useless yet time consuming tasks. Victory will be won by moving the will of the people. It will require a revolution of the Blood. A will of iron must be forged into the collective soul of the European man. The long dead pagan fires which burn inside must be rekindled until a roaring blaze is in the heart of the people. Alien ideas and concepts such Christianity, humanitarianism, and equality must be forever eliminated from the psyche of the west. A new credo based on the natural law of survival of the fittest must replace the decrepit Judeo-Christian values of today. We must reawaken the Blood Struggle. The people's will shall then demand, as it has done so often throughout history, the purging of the enemy in their midst.

Day of the Rope



August 1, 1993. Today has been the Day of the Rope - a grim and bloody day, but an unavoidable one. Tonight, for the first time in weeks, it is quiet and totally peaceful through out all of southern California. But the night is filled with silent horrors; from tens of thousands of lampposts, power poles, and trees throughout this vast metropolitan area the grisly forms hang. In the lighted areas one sees them everywhere. even the street signs at intersections have been pressed into service, and at practically every street corner I passed this evening on my way to HQ there was a dangling corpse, four at every intersection. Hanging from a single overpass only about a mile from here is a group of about thirty, each with an identical placard around its neck bearing the printed legend, "I betrayed my race."

In the areas to which we have not yet restored electrical power the corpses are less visible, but the feeling of horror in the air there is even worse than in the lighted areas. I had to walk through a two block long, unlighted residential section between HQ and my living quarters after our meeting tonight. In the middle of one of the unlighted blocks I saw what appeared to be a person standing on the sidewalk directly in front of me. As I approached the silent figure, whose features were hidden in the shadow of a large tree overhanging the sidewalk, it remained motionless, blocking my way.

The first thing I saw in the moonlight was the placard with its legend in large, block printed letters: "I defiled my rave." Above the placard leered the horribly bloated, purplish face of a young woman, her eyes wide open and bulging, her mouth agape. I shuddered and quickly went on my way. There are many thousands of hanging female corpses like that in this city tonight, all wearing identical placards around their necks. they are the white women who were married to or living with Blacks, with Jews, or with other non-White males. There are also a number of men wearing the I-defiled-my-race placard, but the women easily outnumber them seven or eight to one. On the other hand, about ninety percent of the corpses with the I-betrayed-my-race placards are men.

Those wearing the latter placards are the politicians, the lawyers, the businessmen, the TV newscasters, the newspaper reporters, the judges, teachers, "civic leaders," the bureaucrats, the preachers, and all the others who, for reasons of career or status or votes, helped to promote or implement the systems racial program. The System had already paid them their thirty pieces of silver. Today we paid them.

Final War



The time has come for Racial Holy War.

I'm often struck at how our people conduct themselves in the face of such dire times. Instead of spending every waking minute fighting for our peoples survival, they think being racially aware is enough. This is not the case. The blood struggle has been going on since history began. Cultures have fought against each other as a matter of survival. Western civilization has been fighting it's decline since the dawn of time, however it is only now that we have entered the last stages of western civilization's death rattle. We are no longer striving for the advancement of western civilization as our ancestors were, now we are fighting to preserve what little is left undestroyed by the enemy. Our backs are to the wall. We are fighting for survival. In nature when an animal is being attacked, it does not fight with half a heart, or a meager effort, for this means death. So it should be with the Aryan man. Defeat equals extinction. Every action one engages in should be done with struggle in mind. We are engaged in a struggle for survival not in a game. The time has come for a choice, shall you stand on the eternal side of truth, or will you stand against your people, your heritage, and your blood.

The strong shall hear our message and it will be the spark to light the fire in their hearts. The weak will hear our message and tremble for that they know that the tide is beginning to turn, and Judgment Day is coming, Judgment will be swift, Judgment will be merciless, and Judgment will be final.

Song of the White Men



Now, this is the cup the White Men drink
When they go to right a wrong
And that is the cup of the old world's hate
Cruel and strained and strong
We have drunk that cup-and a bitter bitter cup-
And tossed the dregs away
But well for the world when the White Men drink
To the dawn of the White Man's day

Now this is the road that the White Men tread
When they go to clean a land
Iron underfoot and levin overhead
And the deep on either hand
We have trod that road-and a wet and windy road-
Our chosen star for guide
Oh, well for the world when the White Men tread
Their highway side by side!

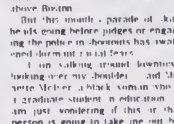
Now, This is the faith that the White Men hold
When they build their homes afar-
"Freedom for ourselves and freedom for our sons
And, failing freedom, War."
we have proved our faith-bear witness to our faith,
Dear souls of freemen slain!
Oh, well for the world when the White Men join
To prove their faith again!

Dedicated to Joseph Paul Franklin and Nathan Thill

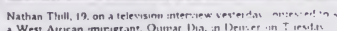
The New York Times

Slaving of West African Leaves Denver Stunned, and Frightened

It was not a dry suffer through summer and Mr. J. Seny (a doctor) in the thick French sun on the West Coast of Africa.



Mr. Webb, who is black, argues that the city remained a "tolerant" place, adding, "Denver is a city



The whole leadership of Color who is caught off guard by this," said Carl Baskie, a University of Denver religious studies professor, who studies local hate groups. There has been this sugarcoating about Denver that it happens everywhere else but here.

Indeed, a small, intelligent minority credited with launching hate-filled groups in the early 1980s was recently "disputed" in other papers.

Local enforcement needs to come down hard on these groups," said Ronny Fox, an associate director of the

[illegible]

Hail Nathan Thill
Nathan Thill is a white warrior
A one man Einsatzgruppe roaming the streets of Denver looking for niggers
He saw niggers and knew they didn't belong here
He gunned the niggers down like the shit they are
He is a hero

Race Traitor



So your on the street with your fucking nigger kid
Do you think your safe?
Well you thought wrong
Your worse than a nigger
Nigger fucker filth
Your day has come
You fucking scum
Your the ultimate disgrace to our people
You deserve to fucking die
And your going to get what you deserve
I drag you to your knees
Dig your own grave
Feel the gun to your head
Beg me not to kill you
Plea for you life
Your too fucking late
Die you fucking nigger lover whore
Die Race Traitor Die

Final War II



Day of the Rope II



Blut Kampf - 1488

The Only Law is Survival

1. Blood Struggle
2. Day of the Rope
3. Final War
4. Song of the White Men
5. Lone Wolf
6. Race Traitor
7. Final War II
8. Day of the Rope II



Neal Christopher - Vocals/Electronics



Angela Gail - Vocals/Electronics/Drums

All music & lyrics N. Christopher except:

Final War - Music & Lyrics Angela Gail and N. Christopher

Day of the Rope - Lyrics taken from Andrew Macdonald's "The Turner Diaries".

Available from National Vanguard Books - PO Box 330, Hillsboro, WV 24946

Song of the White Men - written by Ruyard Kipling 1899

"I knew that I would not live to see the victory which I would make possible. But I would not die before I had made that victory certain" G.L. Rockwell

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